

A Fawcett Publication

HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring
**WILLIAM
BOYD**

FEB.
10¢
NO. 52



In this issue:

A COMPLETE,
THRILLING
WESTERN
NOVELETTE:

**THE
MISSING
HERD!**



Brownie Hawkeye Flash Outfit

This kit includes the new Brownie Hawkeye Camera, flash model, with shutter that sets off the flash. All pre-set at the factory—just aim and shoot. Gets wonderful snapshots. \$12.75.

What a gift!

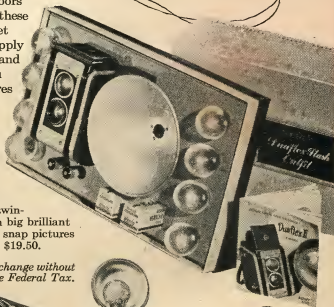
... a complete kit for flash pictures

You'll take action shots at night just like the press photographers. You'll get snaps indoors any time. It's no trick at all with one of these new Kodak flash outfits. In the kit you get an up-to-the-minute Kodak camera, a supply of film, Flashholder, flash bulbs, batteries and two booklets that tell you everything you need to know to start making swell pictures right away. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak Duaflex II Flash Outfit

In this kit you get the new twin-lens, reflex-type camera with big brilliant view finder. All set, ready to snap pictures indoors or out, day or night. \$19.50.

All prices are subject to change without notice and include Federal Tax.



Other Kodak Cameras just
"tops" for Christmas

Kodak
TRADE-MARK



Brownie Target Six-20 Camera—Vertical and horizontal view finders. Fixed-focus lens; two stops to control light. Negatives $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$. \$5.75.



Brownie Flash Six-20 Camera—"Makes snaps around the clock." Full-color pictures, too, in full sun. Negatives, $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$. \$11.75; Flashholder, \$2.92.



Baby Brownie Special Camera. Makes good snaps simple, sure. Full-color, too, in bright sunlight. Fixed-focus lens. Negatives, $1\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$. \$2.75.

HOPALONG CASSIDY

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Editor
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Art Editor
AL JETTER

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LA RUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr. President



HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING
WILLIAM BOYD

and THE MISSING HERD

A THREE-PART SERIAL

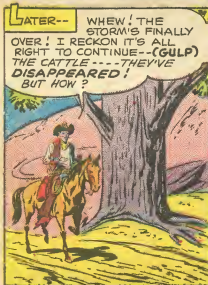
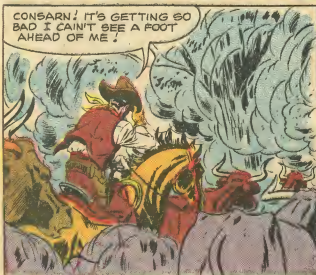
PART ONE THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE

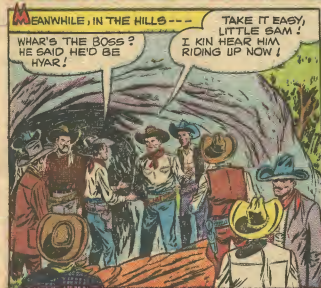
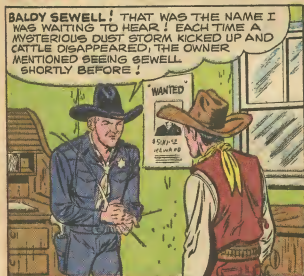
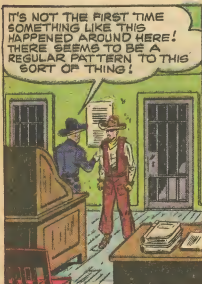


A GREAT BRAIN CAN ACCOMPLISH GREAT THINGS...GOOD OR BAD! WHEN IT'S HARNESSSED TO A COLD, RUTHLESS HEART AND AN ITCHY FINGER ON A READY SIX-SHOOTER, THE RESULT IS BALDY SEWELL.....THE TOUGHEST HOMBRE WHO EVER RODE HERD ON TWIN RIVER'S FIGHTING SHERIFF, HOPALONG CASSIDY!

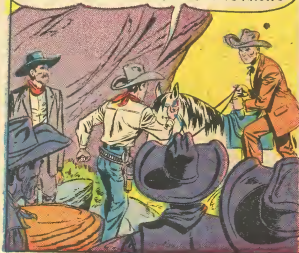
HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. MULFORD

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WHUT ABOUT TELLING US WHAR YO'RE HIDING THE CATTLE? WE'VE GOT A RIGHT TO KNOW!



I NEVER LIKED NOSEY PEOPLE!



ANY OTHER QUESTIONS?
--NO? THEN WE CAN GIT DOWN TO BUSINESS!

ANYTHING YUH SAY, BALDY! WHUT'S THE NEXT JOB YUH GOT SCHEDULED FER US?



THAR'S A BIG GOLD SHIPMENT COMING THROUGH TWIN RIVER TOMORROW BY COACH! BUT IT AIN'T GONNA LEAVE TWIN RIVER! GIT IT?

DON'T WORRY, BOSS! YUH JUST TELL US WHUT TO DO AND WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST!



I'M HEADING FER TOWN NOW TO LOOK OVER THE LAV OF THE LAND! WE'LL MEET HYAR IN THE MORNING AND I'LL GIVE YUH VORE ORDERS!

WE'LL ALL BE HYAR!



WHILE BACK AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE ---

---BUT I DON'T SEE WHUT GOOD IT WOULD DO TO ARREST HIM, HOPALONG, IF WE DON'T HAVE ANY REAL EVIDENCE TO CONVICT HIM!

IF BALDY SEWELL IS REALLY THE OWLHOOT WE'RE AFTER THEN I FIGURE HIS GANG WILL TRY TO FREE HIM! I WANT THEM TO SHOW THEIR HAND, MESQUITE!



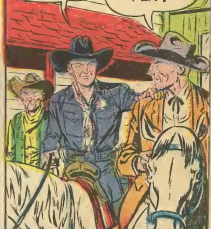
TALKING OF THE DEVIL, THAR HE IS NOW!

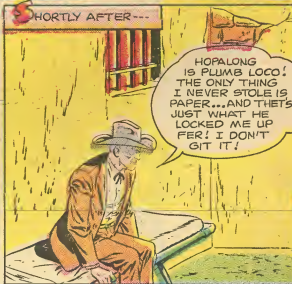
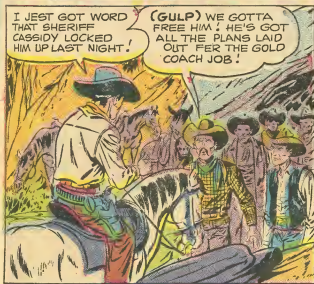
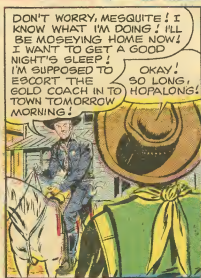
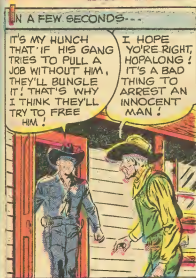
I WANT TO SEE JUST WHAR THE COACH WILL STOP SO THET MY MEN WON'T WASTE A SECOND MAKING THEIR GETAWAY!



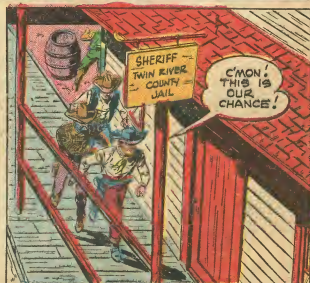
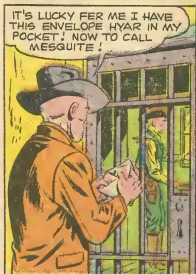
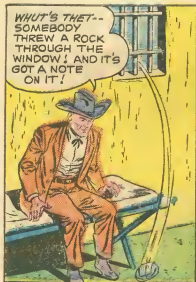
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, BALDY SEWELL!

UNDER ARREST! BUT WHAT FER?

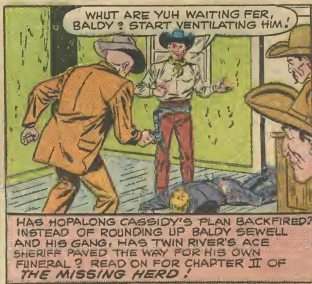
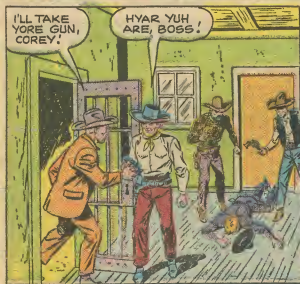
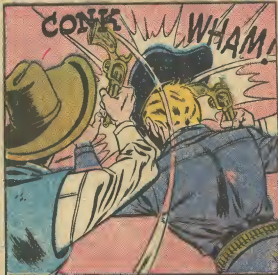




HOPALONG CASSIDY

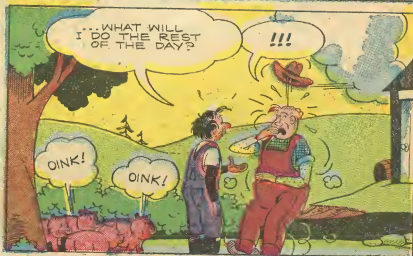
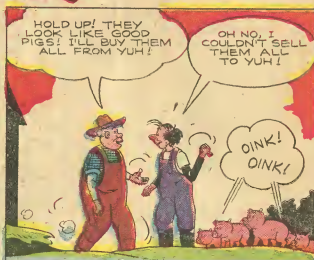
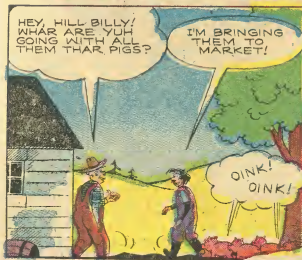


HOPALONG CASSIDY



HOPALONG CASSIDY

HILL BILLY PIG HEADED!



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A COMIC MAGAZINE!
DIRECTLY FROM TELEVISION!

CAPTAIN VIDEO

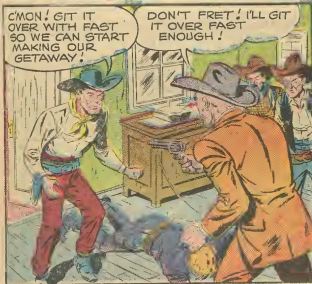
10¢ SOON TO APPEAR ON NEWSSTANDS ACROSS THE NATION 10¢

HOPALONG CASSIDY

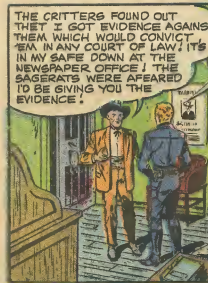
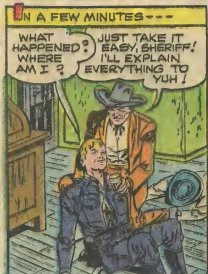
STARRING
WILLIAM BOYD

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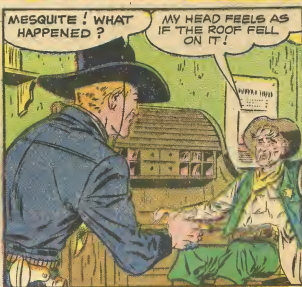
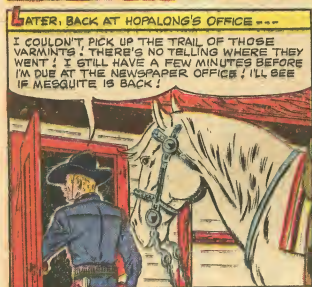
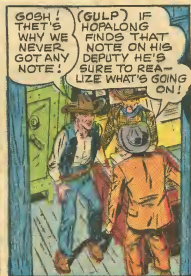
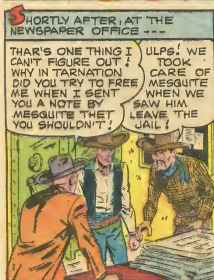
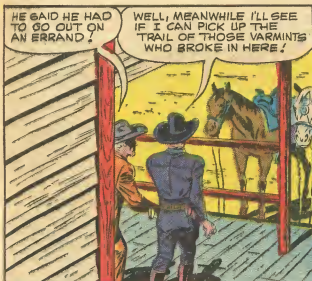
PART TWO DEATH'S TRAP!

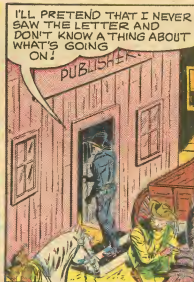
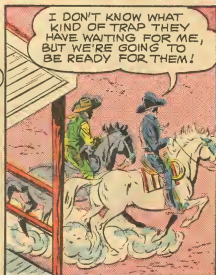
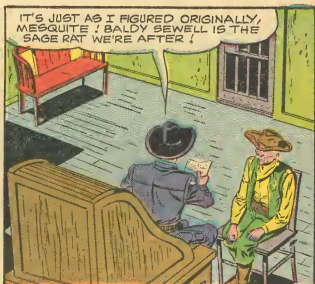
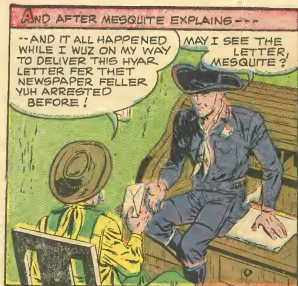


HOPALONG CASSIDY



HOPALONG CASSIDY





HOPALONG CASSIDY



IT'S ALL IN THAR READY FER YUH, HOPALONG!

I WONDER WHAT KIND OF EVIDENCE I'LL SEE?



THAR---IT'S OPEN!

TAKE A LOOK, HOPALONG! THAR'S ENOUGH EVIDENCE IN THAR TO CONVICT ALL OF 'EM!

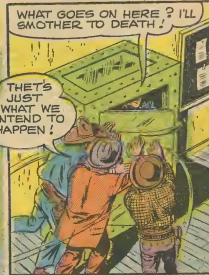


I DON'T SEE ANYTHING IN THERE! IT'S EMPTY!



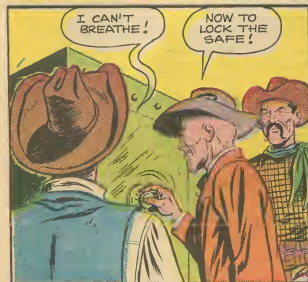
IT WON'T BE FER LONG!

HUH---



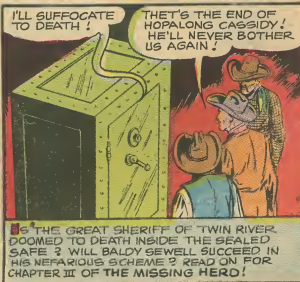
WHAT GOES ON HERE? I'LL SMOTHER TO DEATH!

THAT'S JUST WHAT WE INTEND TO HAPPEN!



I CAN'T BREATHE!

NOW TO LOCK THE SAFE!



I'LL SUFFOCATE TO DEATH!

THAT'S THE END OF HOPALONG CASSIDY! HE'LL NEVER BOTHER US AGAIN!

IS THE GREAT SHERIFF OF TWIN RIVER DOOMED TO DEATH INSIDE THE SEALED SAFE? WILL BALDY SEWELL SUCCEED IN HIS NEFARIOUS SCHEME? READ ON FOR CHAPTER III OF THE MISSING HERD!

**BOYS-
GIRLS-**

**GET YOUR CAPTAIN MARVEL
SWEATER TODAY! JUST
SEND COUPON BELOW AND
PAY POSTMAN ON ARRIVAL**



**THE PERFECT
CHRISTMAS GIFT**



**THEY'RE
BARGAINS!**

The sweaters shown above, just like the one Billy Batson is wearing, were made especially for CAPTAIN MARVEL fans like yourself. They're 100% Pure Virgin Wool and come in three colors—with a picture of CAPTAIN MARVEL woven on both the front and back. You'll love one—and so will your friends. But most important, your mom and dad will like them too, because each one is guaranteed! They cost \$2.95 each and, if you are not absolutely satisfied your money will be fully refunded. You just can't go wrong! Get together with mom or dad and mail this coupon today!

Print in exact

CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB
Grosvenor, Connecticut

Please send me the CAPTAIN MARVEL SWEATERS checked. I will pay the postman \$2.95 each, plus postage, on arrival.

COLOR COMBINATIONS	SIZE
MAIZE, Red and Brown	
LUSTRE BLUE, Red and Navy	
WHITE, Red and Navy	

Available sizes 4, 6, 8, 10

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
STATE _____

Postage and C.O.D. fee will be paid if remittance is enclosed

**Remember...
...THEY'RE GUARANTEED**

AND

**ONLY
\$2.95!
(Formerly \$3.95)**

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BOYS! GIRLS!

HURRY! GET THIS BIG
BEAUTIFUL REAL SCALE MODEL!

WESTERN SADDLE RING!

SO EASY TO GET!

Yippee! It's a honey—shiny airplane aluminum that won't tarnish—designed like a real hand-tooled Western Saddle! Send for it today and you'll be the envy of your neighborhood!

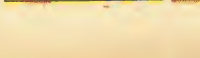
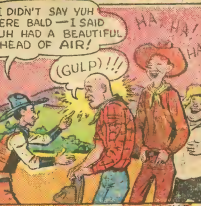
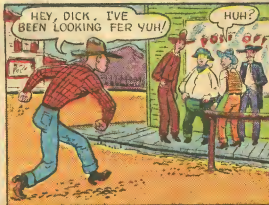
I am enclosing 25¢ and the front cover of a Smith Bros. box, any flavor, for which please send me a Western Saddle Ring.

Name _____
(please print)
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____
This offer expires at midnight, June 30, 1951.
Smith Brothers, P. O. Box 1138, Providence, R. I.

AND THE
BEST-TASTING
COUGH DROPS
TOO!

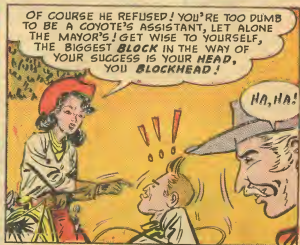
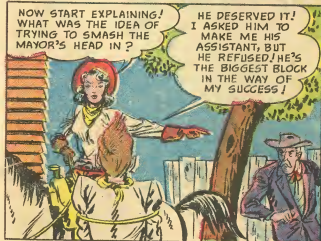
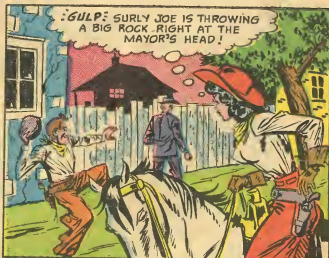
ONLY **25¢**

WITH FRONT COVER OF
ANY SMITH BROTHERS BOX
Send to: Smith Brothers
P. O. Box 1138, Providence, R. I.



PISTOL PACKING PATTIE

---HAS A
BLOCK
PARTY!



HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING
WILLIAM BOYD

and THE MISSING HERD

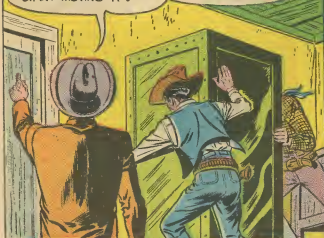
PART THREE
THE SEALED
DOOM!

(GASP) I'LL
SUFFOCATE TO
DEATH!

THAT'S THE END OF HOPALONG
CASSIDY! HE'LL NEVER BOTHER
US AGAIN!

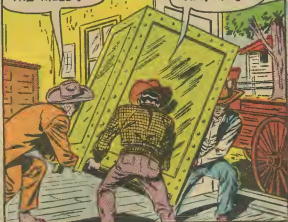


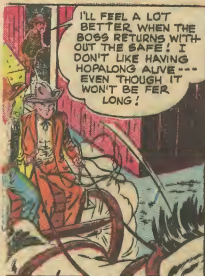
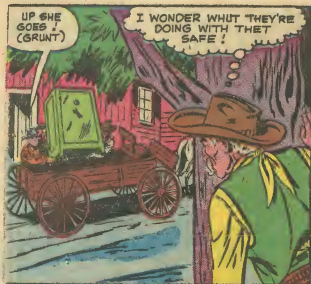
NOW TO GIT THE SAFE OUTTA HYAR SO THERE'S
NO EVIDENCE LEFT BEHIND! C'MON, BOYS!
START MOVING IT!



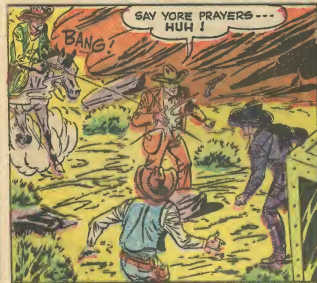
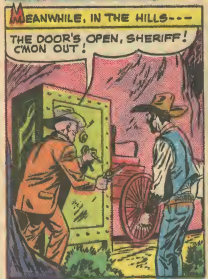
WE'VE GOT TO GIT IT
ONTO THE BUCKBOARD!
THEN WE CAN GET RID
OF IT SOMEWHERE IN
THE HILLS!

THIS THING SHORE
IS HEAVY----
ESPECIALLY WITH
WHUT'S INSIDE,
HA, HA!

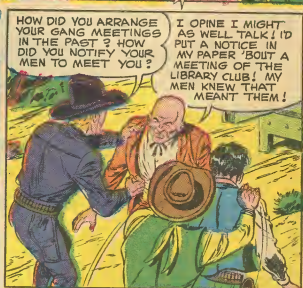
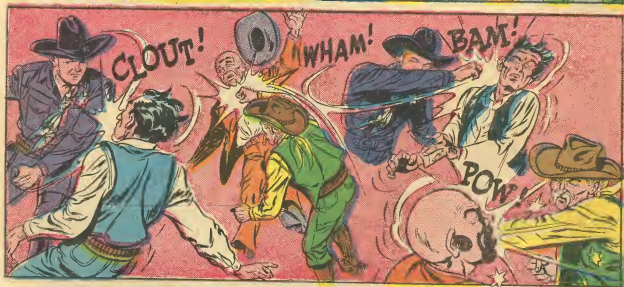


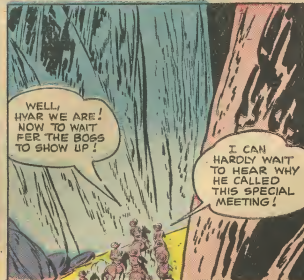
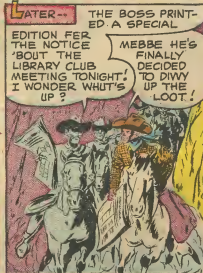
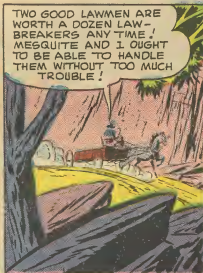
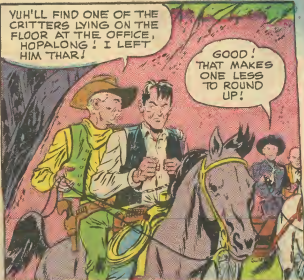
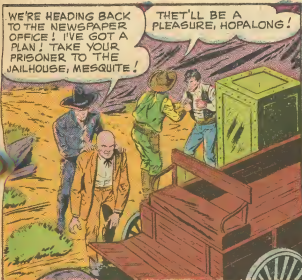


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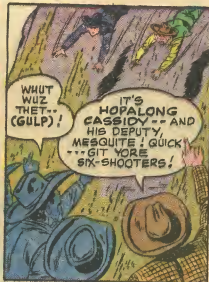


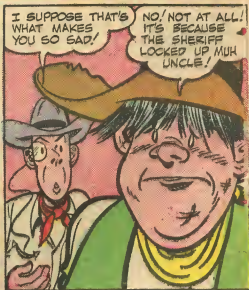
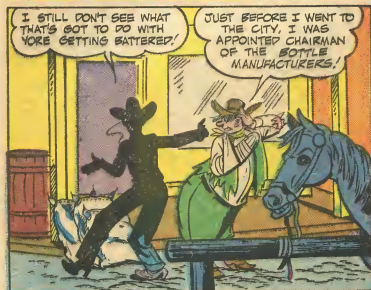
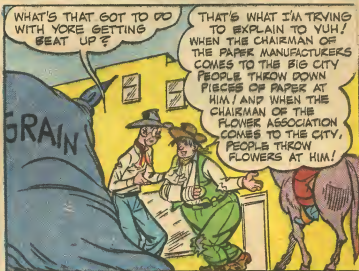
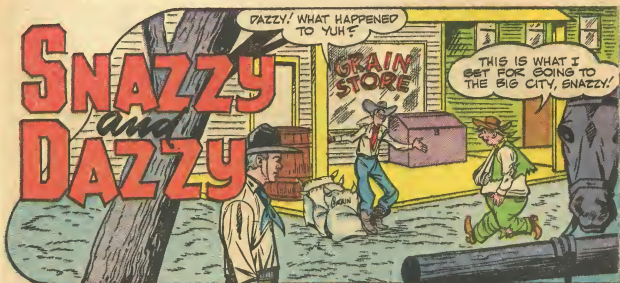
HOPALONG CASSIDY

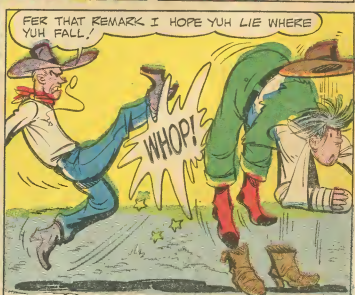
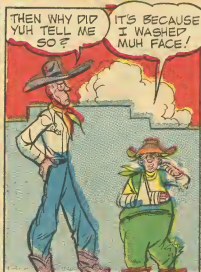




HOPALONG CASSIDY









TRAP FOR TROUBLE

By John Martin



"BANG!" A short interruption. "Bang!" A shattering of glass followed. Joe Marvin stuck his head out the rear bedroom window of the Double K ranch house and watched his brother, Don, take aim at a row of bottles set up on a rock outcrop about a hundred feet behind the feed barn. Don, knowing that his fusillade had attracted the attention of at least three pairs of eyes besides his brother's, handled the big six-gun he held with all the assumed ease and flourish of an actor. He twirled the gun expertly and fired again. One of the bottles leaped into the air with a fire explosion of glittering dust.

"For Pete's sake," yelled Joe, "can't you let folks get a little sleep, Don? You know we've got to ride in to High Creek this morning!" Joe paused, exasperated. "You'll wear that gun out, sure as shooting," he said sarcastically, for Don had done little else but practice with the gun for weeks.

Don paid no notice to Joe. Joe groaned and decided to dress. It was time to be getting out to High Creek for the semi-weekly mail anyway. This was a chore the two boys invariably performed for their parents and the bunk house boys. The trip in to High Creek always gave them a chance to see some exciting sights, for their ranch was isolated, far out on the rolling Wyoming prairie.

Their parents saw them off with a grin, while the bunk house wranglers glanced up from their work and smiled a knowing wink at each other. Don's exaggerated liking for a heavy hogleg was well-known.

When the ranch house had disappeared behind rows of cottonwoods, Joe snorted: "Tarnation, Don, all you do is play with that shooting iron! You expecting an Injun attack?" he asked pointedly, and Don flushed. "Last one we had around here was forty years ago," Joe finished ironically.

Don resented his brother's attitude toward his liking for guns. Guns, he knew, had built the old West. Guns and iron courage. Well, the West wasn't dead by a longshot. But Don resented the fact that people didn't spend all their time packing hoglegs. Often they took them off to earn a living. Much too often, Don felt.

"Tain't much you can do in the West without a gun handy," Don said gruffly. He fondly patted the big, battered, double-action six-gun his grandfather had given him. "A gun will get

you out of any trouble," he concluded sagely.

"Depends on the trouble," Joe muttered. "Sometimes it takes a few brains too."

Don snorted indignantly and rode on in silence.

Around noon, with the sun pouring its flood of heat down on their heads, Joe proposed a halt for lunch. Their journey was about half over. Don protested, but Joe knew that his brother was merely trying to show off his endurance, and insisted.

They dismounted and turned the two horses into a grassy patch between two overhanging, shady rock ledges. While the horses began grazing, Don quickly unpacked the lunch their mother had tied to Joe's saddlehorn.

They were halfway through the sandwiches when Joe noticed that the horses were restless. Don scoffed at his concern, but he cast an eye anxiously at his gun belt which he had removed and laid on the ground.

Suddenly a shuddering roar split the heavy silence. The horses, startled, whinnied and reared. Joe dropped his unfinished sandwich on the ground.

"Look," he cried.

Don turned his head to look straight into two pairs of big, green eyes set in wild, bushy heads beneath which enormous sharp teeth flashed murderously.

"Catamounts!" he cried, and dived for his hogleg.

Joe tensed instantly, waiting for Don to draw and shoot.

"Don't miss," he warned, one eye on the horses which were backed up nervously against their sheltering boulders. "Those cats are between us and the horses! You've got to do it right the first time, Don!"

"Don't worry, I will!" exclaimed Don excitedly. "I've been waiting for a chance like this!" He patted his gun as he drew it from the holster and gripped the butt tightly.

Don squinted along the barrel, bringing the sights into line with the first pair of deadly eyes. The catamounts were advancing cautiously, their jaws working up and down. Their keen noses flared to sniff danger from the boys before them. They would attend to the horses later, for they knew they had nothing to fear from them.

Don sighted carefully, bringing into play all the skill he had acquired in slugging centerfire cartridges at old bottles. His finger tightened on the trigger and pulled.

Nothing happened.

Don stared incredulously at his grandfather's old cannon.

"The hammer spring's busted!" he cried.

Instantly, as though they had read his mind, the catamounts sprang forward, but Joe was too quick for them. Seizing two rocks the size of baseballs he heaved them at the snarling cats who reared, backing a little.

"Throw that thing away," he barked at Don who was still staring unbelievably at his gun. "We've got to get up on that ledge!"

"What about the horses?" Don asked as he and Joe lit out for a big rock formation to their rear, the cats close behind them.

Joe reached the ledge first. He threw a leg over the shale outcrop and began pulling Don up with him.

"They won't bother the horses so long as they're busy with us!" Joe puffed, hauling Don over the ledge by the seat of his pants. "I just hope they keep those cayuses backed up in the rocks—otherwise they'll break for open ground!"

Don ruefully looked at his abandoned gun lying gleaming, and useless, on the gritty soil. The next thing he knew he and Joe were frantically battering back leaps of the catamounts that brought their sharp, ugly claws dangerously close to a hold on the ledge. They poured a rain of loose rocks down on the heads of the big cats who soon tired of the bombardment and ceased their gigantic leaps. The cats circled below warily, snarling with hate.

"They aren't going away," Don observed.

"They won't, and what's more, I don't want them to," cryptically observed Joe. He was carefully examining the back of the ledge.

"I wish I had a gun," Don said. "I'd plug both of those cats right between the eyes!"

"Yeah," Joe remarked drily. "Guns are okay when they work. When they don't, you've got to use your noodle."

"What you doing?" asked Don curiously. He heaved a rock at a cat which approached incautiously. "Guess we're trapped," he said, not really interested in Joe's activities at the ledge wall. "Those cats won't let us escape," Don said, injecting plenty of resigned tragedy in his voice. "I don't mind dying, Joe, but it'll be hard on Mom and . . ."

"For Pete's sake, dry up!" barked Joe. "I'm

! busy!" Swiftly, with heavy strokes, he pounded a thin strata of the rock wall, using a stone with a sharp edge. "Pick up this rocksalt," he said, nodding at the chips flying from his blows, "and throw it at the cats!"

Don did as he was told. He expected the catamounts to retreat a few steps further, but they merely sniffed at the chips. He was even more surprised when they squatted down quietly and began to lick the rocksalt.

"What did you get me to do that for?" Don cried, angrily. "Those cats are licking that rocksalt like crazy! Now they'll stick around until they get good and thirsty—and we're the only blood around, besides the horses!"

Joe smiled. "Let's do it my way, for a change," he said. He gathered together a sizable pile of rocks and sat down in the shade, his attention riveted on the catamounts.

"It's getting hotter all the time," Don complained, squinting against the intense glare of the sun.

"Sure is," agreed Joe. "But we're in the shade. The cats aren't. Besides, we're wearing hats."

Don looked at the catamounts. Entranced by the rocksalt, a necessity to them which they vitally craved, they lay in the oppressive sunlight and licked away with their greedy tongues.

Suddenly one of the cats collapsed as though pole-axed. Don started to say something and then the other cat shut its jaws convulsively and rolled over.

JOE quickly jumped over the ledge, carrying a sharp, heavy piece of stone. Both deadly creatures were dead.

"We'll skin them on the way back," Joe said briefly as they quieted the almost hysterical horses. "There's a bounty on catamount hides!"

"I know," Don said, a little sheepishly. "They keeled over kind of sudden-like, didn't they?"

Joe grinned.

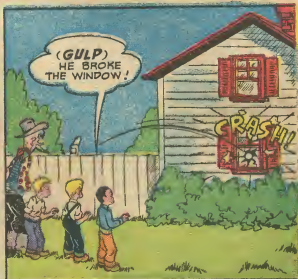
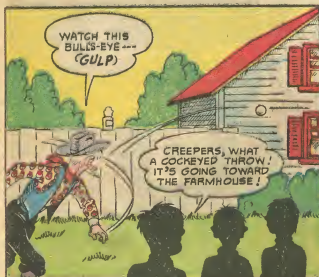
"Sunstroke," he said briefly. "That's why I wanted them to stick around out in the sun." He glanced down at Don's gun which lay flashing in the unbearable heat.

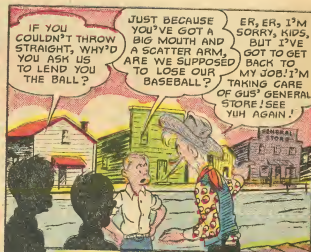
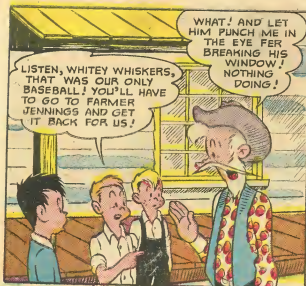
"Better take that with you," Joe said slyly. "She'll work okay when the trigger spring's fixed and . . ." Joe paused.

Don was looking at him, embarrassed, thrusting his hat back from his forehead.

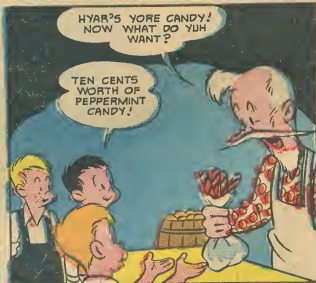
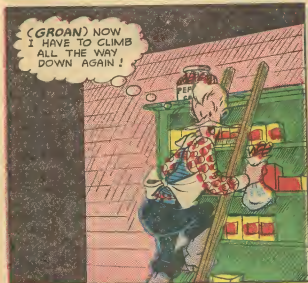
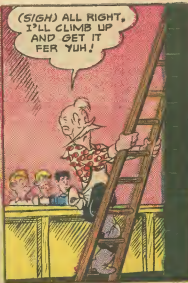
"Better keep your hat on," Joe remarked, climbing into his saddle. "You're liable to get a sunstroke if you don't!"

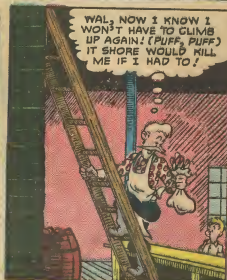
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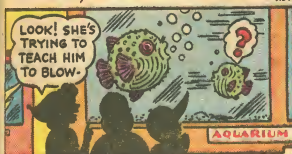




HOPALONG CASSIDY







QUIZ

LET'S SEE HOW BRIGHT YOU ARE! SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS: 5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT 4, VERY GOOD 3, GOOD 2, FAIR, 1, POOR

- ① ON SHIP TOPSIDE MEANS ON DECK.



- ④ THE TREASURY BUILDING IN WASHINGTON, D.C. WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE ON MARCH 31, 1833



- ② THE FIRST COUNTERFEITER OF MINTED MONEY WAS THE ROMAN EMPEROR, NERO.



- ⑤ ALABAMA WAS THE 22ND STATE ADMITTED TO THE UNION.

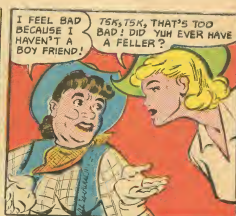
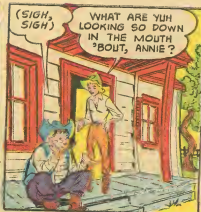


- ③ PRESIDENT LINCOLN WAS AN EXPERT WRESTLER IN HIS YOUTH.



ANSWERS

- ① TRUE ② TRUE ③ TRUE ④ TRUE ⑤ TRUE IN 1819.



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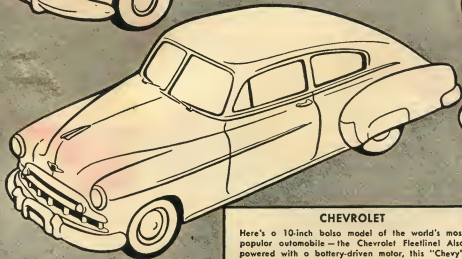
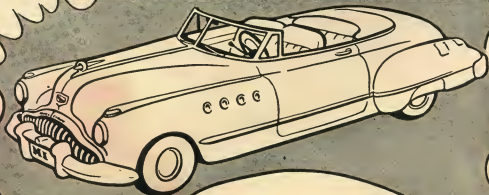
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